

I.E.

"I'M OK, I'M ALIVE"



you, like your horoscope, always come in last. You will comfort yourself with your little "...but not least" clichés, but you and I both know the truth, it's eating away at you, tearing you up inside. This month will be much like the last, and much like before, there is nothing for you to do but cry yourself to sleep at night and drag yourself through the monotonous failure until your time is finally up.

The Class of Eternal Damnation

Her class was nearing a close when I chanced to look at the clock. Six minutes, only six minutes. I go back to listening to her blab propaganda. Back to the clock. Five minutes. More propaganda. Now only five minutes? What the...? She talks more... the clock says still five minutes!!! I don't go back to her. Just look at the clock. It doesn't move. It still says we have exactly five minutes left. What is going on? The clock still doesn't move. Has time frozen? Am I going to be stuck in her class forever? Have I died and gone to hell? Thoughts race through my mind. This isn't possible! While I may feel dead in her class, I can't possibly have died, could I? Am I dead? Will I see my friends again? How? Why? I grow more and more frantic. I didn't realize that death was this crappy. I always thought I'd go to heaven. Man this sucks... That's it, God doesn't exist.

Suddenly, the clock starts moving again. Four minutes. Phew, I'm not dead. The clock is just screwed up. Not dead. Not here forever. Just one stupid clock. One stupid clock. Three minutes. Two. None. I'm free. God does exist!

The clock goes back and forth, or is it time? Yes...time goes back and forth...I could swear that this moment is identical to that moment five minutes ago. The faces are identical, a crown of expressionless expressions staring at nothing and the nothing behind nothing that is so vast in its nothingness that it's inescapable. You really think it's sinking in? How can you believe that any of it has reached us if you can't even see life within our faces as time goes back and forth beneath the drooping of the voices and the scratching of the pens and the ticking of the clock as time goes back and forth and the clicking of the footsteps and the drooping of the eyes as you go back and forth, back and forth, back and forth, back...and...forth. Stop. The cycle is broken...only to begin again.

Plight of IB student type R.



~~Found outside~~
~~St. Patrick's Cathol~~
~~Elementary Sch~~


and

u

[illegible][illegible]

Am I an Addict? Revised

Best friend

 Narcotics Anonymous

~~quads car~~

~~NV safety st~~

Bmw

Mw Jerte

sponser car ~

Freddie Prince Jr.

Danny

Pick & BSBL

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Handwritten sketches of various symbols and characters, including a crescent moon, a stylized 'um', a 'st', and a complex geometric design.

"They're just babies! I mean, there's less drool in the world, so what?"

Controversial comments viewed as somewhat unethical by many pro-life groups.

Adding yet another twist to the now famous case, spokespeople for Johnson and Johnson pharmaceuticals (also the leading manufacturer of baby oil) made the above claim earlier this week, ending their silence that has

enshrouded the baby crushing charges presented.

Suspicious arose early this year, when Johnson and Johnson was indicated as a leading purchaser of the "Baby Crusher 9000" - a premier tool in the field of baby smushing. After initially dodging press questions by stating that they are not currently smushing babies, the sudden resurgence in sales of Baby Oil brought question into the minds of thousands - including

Florida governor Jeb Bush, an adamant opponent of baby crushing.

"What we are seeing here, people, is the killing of babies. Perhaps we're not seeing it, even, but we're being told about it. In light of this, I think it's my duty as governor to track down those responsible and make

sure they pay the penalty. Just as I've vowed to track down the witch that ate Hansel and Gretel, I vow to find some baby oil, and make my skin soft.

Then, I'll execute whoever is responsible for making this product."

Facing such fierce opposition, Johnson and Johnson admitted to the killing

of babies, but continued to defend their controversial methods of obtaining

baby oil.

In a recent press statement, conservative "shock-jock" Rush Limbaugh said

this, seemingly in defense of the pharmaceutical company:

"Let's get a couple things straight. First off, I understand that Johnson

and Johnson are only killing the liberal babies. They're doing more good

than harm, people. Beyond that, babies are only good for two things:

eating and making drool. Hell, I don't like babies, and you shouldn't

either. I don't hear any objections, and I'm willing to bet that it's not

only because I'm deaf."

Though Johnson and Johnson has not specifically denied payment to Limbaugh

for his statements, a concrete link has yet to be found.

Should Johnson and Johnson be convicted of the charges brought against

them, executives face anywhere from 30 days jail time to 30 years in

prison, depending greatly on how many of the babies are shown to be

suspects in murder cases.

Oh, why hello. Fancy meeting you here. Oh no, I'm waiting for... a friend. Yeah, he's

swinging by to pick me up. No, actually I like hanging around at the grocery store, it's soothing

in a way. Mangos, ahhh. Have I been in the same aisles as you for the last ten minutes? Well

perhaps, but if you think about it, it's not a big store and everybody's bound to end up in every

aisle at some point. Yes, well you take care too.

LOST PAGE

Enclosed in a box, unable to see
Please come and uncover me.
Waiting with time, strangled from
breath,

Always reaching towards death.

Weak hands stretching, searching for air,

Never finding anything there.

Hidden from sight, slowly decaying

All of the memories replaying

Hit with a force, stunned by impact

Turning around to retract

Held a hostage, somehow groping

Hands tied from interloping

Finding the light, clinging to reality

Discovering the box label says... I.B.

-Linda Jones

Sleepless Nights

The echoes of denied thoughts

That ring now between my ears

Are shots taken into darkness

Hitting the targets of my fears

Shredding the terms I have come to
Tearing away at the peace I find

Reminding me of thoughts I suppress
And burrowing deep within my mind

I shut my eyes and try to sleep

To no avail, they're just magnified

And there's no way to drown them out

From my own thoughts I cannot hide

I distract myself to forget

The constant thoughts that plague me so

But late at night my mind drifts to

The burden that won't let me go

And I as cry and pain myself

I don't know why I think this way

Then clarity of a new day comes

And once again they're put away

-Head Down

Maybe you
Back to the basics

Inside coming

Stand the day

One good mark

Can't stand

Shit the day

Real not looking

Tightening the grin.

Stretching the skin

Soaking an hour

Crying to the top?

Feet chopped

My head down



Don't leave me to burn alone...

I'm on my way now...

My friend...

I'll meet you in hell,

As the flames lick the roof,

The fireworks, the screams,

My friend,

Don't wanna miss the party,

Cold... what irony...

I didn't think you'd be that cold.

My friend?

Will I burn alone without you,

Not you?

The world is going to hell.

The entire world.

Besides, we'll all be there soon,

You've been headed there all along...

My friend,

Don't look so shocked,

I'll meet you in hell,



The blankness in your eye's,
the rose on the bed,
and me,

standing stark naked.

"Um... Crystal called, she can't make it."
Your older brother laughing as he walks out of your room?
Humiliating.

Troubled thoughts parade your mind

Try to push them aside

Tragedy made you coarse

As if you feel no remorse

Take a look at the situation

And see an obvious source

As long as he loves you

Be strong because he cares

As long as he's above you

Be strong because he's there

Lived with you all my days

And often questioned your ways

I was just in suspicion

Because your life is now a haze

Watch as you fall to ground

Try to stand but drop back down

Pray every night that

In this lifestyle you do not drown

The Terrorist in the Kitchen

"Mom, we have to take one of the people down. He looks like he's from Afghanistan." The comment instantly disintegrates the otherwise relatively peaceful dinner-time ambience. My stepbrother springs from his chair and plucks one of the figures from the family advent calendar, which proudly showcases one child dressed in his nation's native costume for each day of the month. Proudly, it seems, with the exception of wartime. The figure accused of being from Afghanistan is held up for our scrutiny: he has dark hair, light skin, and attire that places him somewhere in southeast Asia. I am clueless as to how he could be mistaken for a Middle-Easterner. Ignorance has no bounds, I suppose.

As I try to argue the poor figure's case, pleading with the jury of my family that he not be expelled from the advent calendar because of botched racial profiling, my stepbrother's words echo in my mind. His intonation was indeed striking—he spoke the name of Afghanistan with the same loathing disgust with which my grandmother says "Japan." He's only thirteen, he never watches the news—on what is this hatred based?

I want to ask him why he said what he did. If it was out of a sense of duty—are we obligated to hunt the terrorists on our advent calendar? Or, more frighteningly, was it the manifestation of a deeply-held conviction that everything about Afghanistan is inherently evil? But, as I am not anorexic, well-endowed, and scantily-clad, I have no hope of him paying any attention to me, not to mention answering my questions.

So I'm left to wonder if he'll end up like my grandmother—eighty years old and still spitting the name of the "enemy" as though it were some poison deadlier even than ignorance and hatred.

~Nary a Quince



Nothing More Nary A Quince

This poem
Has no hidden meaning
For you to find
In a commentary
Don't
Even try.
It's not there.
If you find
A pattern,
A rhyme,
Something about
The split of the lines
That you think reveals
The writer's true purpose
Stop.
It's not there.

This poem
Has no hidden meaning
For you to find
In a commentary.
It's here
Just as it is.
Perhaps less.
But nothing more.

TOK Haikus

Talk of mindless things
Dulls the senses, numbs the soul
I need some substance

Try to figure out
The sense behind this nonsense
Too early to think

Time slowly ticking
TOK lingers on now
I just want to sleep

Tired of the fight
To keep my eyelids open
It is not worth it

editor's note:
Obviously, this poem is
About sex...

As long as there have been humans to talk about such matters, humans have striven for enlightenment. Whole religions with millions of followers are based around the concept of reaching enlightenment, whatever that end truth may be. It is an ideal state, where all barriers and pretenses are laid aside and we see things as they truly are. Driving along north 26th street after dropping my sister off at her soccer game, a cosmic ray of enlightenment struck my car. At the time I was leaning out of the window, adjusting the radio antennae, so I was not insulated from the shock. The synapses shook around in my mind and within a fraction of a second I was enlightened.

I suddenly perceived everything around me in a new light. My newfound enlightenment had removed all filters and all obstacles and I saw everything in absolute, pure truth. Black walnut trees, I discovered, were the deciduous embodiment of truth on Earth. Although I thought it impossible, in my enlightened state I discovered squirrels to be even more hilarious than I previously thought. And I realized that enlightened persons such as I need not pay any attention to stop signs.

At first enlightenment felt like the sensation one gets when eating an unripe banana. The top of my mouth was starchy and I thought I needed an antacid. However this feeling quickly faded, and I felt utterly content and at peace. It occurred to me that I had done nothing to deserve this enlightenment, other than drop my sister off at her soccer game. Therefore my enlightenment could very well be temporary, and it was my sacred and eternal duty to rush home (ignoring yield signs and red lights as they were ambiguous, hypocritical, time-wasting and irritating) and interpret one of the most ambiguous pieces of mystic art the world has ever known. A masterpiece that monks have slaved over for years to decipher. Many such items came to mind but the first one I struck upon when I reached my room in an enlightened frenzy were the lyrics to Cakes' *Sheep Go To Heaven*.



Sheep Go to Heaven

I'm not feeling alright today
I'm not feeling that great
I'm not catching on fire today
Love has started to fade
I'm not going to smile today
I'm not going to laugh
You're out living it up today
I got dues to pay



It was clear that I was setting out on an existential trip here. The conclusion of every other line with the word "today," a very mysterious word to the enlightened, told me immediately that this song was not about farm animals (NOTE: some of the themes this song addresses can only be expressed using words of enlightenment. These words will appear at various points in this interpretation, and their meanings will seem unclear. To help the unenlightened, they will appear in bold. Do not confuse the enlightened words with rhyme schemes, however, which are very much unenlightened but also will appear in bold).



And the gravedigger puts on the forceps
The stonemason does all the work
The barber can give you a haircut
The carpenter can take you out to lunch
I just want to play on my pampipes
I just want to drink me some wine
As soon as you're born you start dying
So you might as well have a good time



This passage is riddled with metaphors. Through my pristine consciousness I saw the gravedigger as the inevitable passage of time, and that no matter what we do to ward it off it flows as an endless river and we have a finite time to be washed in its current. The stonemason is us, our drives and desires, our consciousness, and what makes us human. The concrete, the substantial, is what we build our universe upon, and that is built by our conceptions, filtered through our senses, and enhanced by our knowledge, reason, and actions. And finally, the barber and carpenter are the frills, the glit and glam that distract us from the main purpose of life, which is to reach beyond that stonemason and the gravedigger to the truth. There is an expression among the enlightened which states that, "For every two, there is a one, if that." The first sixteen lines of the song dealt with this saying as only sixteen lines could. This point is emphasized by the song's brilliant use of the rhyme scheme: **a b c d e f g h**. To finish off this passage, however, John McCrea (the songwriter if I am not mistaken. Enlightenment does not lend itself to pop knowledge) gives us a hint of where he is taking us with his sublime message: life is inevitable, and he has come to the conclusion that it being the case, there is no point in trying to fight time or prepare yourself for what lies afterward. The only preparation is not anticipation but experiencing what you have while you have it.



Sheep go to heaven
Goats go to hell
Sheep go to heaven
Goats go to hell



Here is the first mention of the farm animals. To an unenlightened ear, this can only confuse and obfuscate. Yet the message of this passage is *for* the unenlightened, those without the inner sight. Sheep are the followers, goats are the independent thinkers, the worriers, the procrastinators, the cynics and the skeptics. Yet to live is to enjoy life, and preparing for the next life rejects the gift that is this one. The message of this repetition, that goats go to heaven and sheep go to hell, is conveyed by this prefantastical **triality**. "The messages of life are all backwards," this song screams. "To live is to live, there is no other authority on the subject. If one is to survive, one must live, and that requires food, which is life, which is living, which is food."



I don't want to go to sunset strip
I don't want to feel the emptiness
Old marquees with stupid band names
I don't want to go to sunset strip
I don't want to feel the emptiness
I don't want to go to sunset strip
I don't want to go to sunset strip
I don't want to go to sunset strip
Old marquees with stupid band names
I don't want to go to sunset strip
I don't want to go to sunset strip



Here John McCrea beings to divulge into duality. The repetitions of the lines in the form of a **b c d a(1) b(1) c(1) d(1)** shows a willingness on Cakes' part to traverse previously covered terrain, looking for aspects perhaps overlooked on the first pass, much like an old man goes over the soccer field with a metal detector every day despite the goose droppings covering his shoes. The implication? The geese, which were there in the beginning, ate everything of use but the old man is determined to soil his shoes. Sunset strip. My enlightened mind hit upon its first speed **bump** in its breakneck tear through the muddle and the mire towards the distilled truth. However I soon realized that the words were merely a scramble of the phrase "nuts set tips," which is only understood by those completely enlightened and so I cannot explain it to you.

I discovered that when John McCrea mentions old marquees and stupid band names, he is referring to our desire to hang on to what used to be wonderful, even if we no longer kick it on stage.

Jimmy Stoenbeck and the Washboards has been a metaphorical thorn in Cake's side for years. The reference to this old cover band is evident in how the six words used in the line equals the five words in the title of the infamous cover band.

And the gravedigger puts on the forceps
The stonemason does all the work
The barber can give you a haircut
The carpenter can take you out to lunch
I just want to play on my pam pipes
I just want to drink me some wine
As soon as you're born you start dying
So you might as well have a good time



By the time I had reached this part of the song the initial exuberance and radiance I had felt while gripping that fateful radio antenna was beginning to wear thin, and so I gathered together all the lingering remains of enlightenment and buckled down to finish the song's translation.

This second time that he mentions the gravedigger, the meaning has changed. Life has gone on, time has gone on, and our perceptions have changed thanks to every little influence and experience we have had in the interim. Life can be crazy at times, and never is it more apparent than when you are chased down the street by a gravedigger brandishing forceps. This connection is reinforced by the second line, "the barber can give you a haircut." Why this is the actual second line and not the third is that the sentence "I switched the second and third sentences around for added meaning and clarity" contains not only the same number of words, but the same number of q's, x's and l's. Seventeen, for those unenlightened many, is a most enlightened number for reasons only it can explain to you.

Symbolism, if anything, is a reasonably difficult word to rhyme. Thus John McCrea wisely replaced "symbolism" with "haircut" and then declined to rhyme "haircut" with anything, because he's just that good. The reference to the carpenter is obviously a reference to the famous Jewish carpenter, Edward Hendlemann, who was known to eat his soup in front of the television, which is exactly the sort of thing Cake is talking about.

One of the most widely interpreted parts of this song is "pam pipes." The "pam" portion of the phrase is clear enough. The confusion stems from the use of the word "pipes." It is widely known in enlightened circles that pipes are actually the lungs, and that when used in this context and not followed in the sentence by a color, the phrase refers to a very bizarre and disgusting practice by which the lungs are filled with raw, unfiltered, unenlightened air every few seconds. They swell up to prodigious size and then collapse upon themselves, expelling the air while making irritating wheezing noises in the nose. The enlightened method of taking in air involves the absorption of oxygen through the skin. This is possible once a person realizes that the body is simply what one makes of it. It is defined in the mind, and there is no difference between controlling the movement of one's arm and controlling the length of one's arm. It all takes place in the mind.

I have digressed. The "pipes," or the lungs, are a timeless part of a person or animal's existence. If the pipes cease to function, the entity ceases to be, and can no longer tell time. Therefore time is related to the lungs, or "pam pipes." Finally, the barber is the frills, the glit and glam that distract us from the main purpose of life, which is whether that lump in her head is a tumor or just a bad haircut. For a master theologian's take on haircuts, I refer you to Beck's *Devil's Haircut*, a song which is not as cut-and-dried as one might think.

Sheep go to heaven
Goats go to hell
Goats go to heaven
Goats go to hell
Sheep go to heaven



The final, ominous chorus which ends this heady trip into the realm of the ethereal. The world "hell" is repeated eight times, seven for the seven gates of hell, and once more for the screen door outside gate number five. The transcendental juxtaposition of goats and heaven is brilliant, reminiscent of Francis Ford Coppola's juxtaposition in the Godfather of the baptism and the murders. Furthermore, when added together this final, haunting refrain contains eight sheep and eight goats, or the legal limit for a flock of sheep and a school of goats. The significance of this was lost on me, for by that time my brief venture into enlightenment had worn off and I had a tremendous urge to visit the loo. To the loo I retired, where I wondered if I would ever get so close to the clear, curt, and concise truth again.

Goats go to hell
Sheep go to heaven
Goats go to hell
Sheep go to heaven
Goats go to hell
Sheep go to heaven
Goats go to hell
Sheep go to heaven
Goats go to hell
Sheep go to heaven
Goats go to hell
Sheep go to heaven



Oh, no. Not me. I have this friend, you see. Uh, white male, eighteen, about five foot nine, brown hair. Yes, actually, he does have brownish-black hair. Uh...he could be Italian-English. Oh, a friend of someone you know asked you out for a movie? Oh, how sweet. Are you going to go? Well I'm sure he's a very handsome—never mind. Anyway, my friend hasn't been feeling too well recently. No, I don't think you know me. I'm positive, in fact, that you don't know me. You *soooo* don't know me it's amazing. Well I could sound like one of your friends, I do have a nose cold right now. Actually, a nose cold is a rare form of the head cold that infects the nos—yes, you're the doctor, right. Actually, it's a little inside joke I have with some of my friends, calling it a nose cold and all. Well, I think ailments should reflect what they affect, so you get stomach flu, not just the flu, or an earlobe rash not just a rash, like that. Actually it wasn't my idea, it was one of my friends.

But anyway, my friend's not been feeling good. Well, he's got this rash. I guess you could describe it as a rash, but it's a dull bluish, blackish color. Where is it? Um, well...it's on his butt. His rear. It's about four inches by four inches and—no, I haven't seen it. He just told me about it. Uh yeah, he's like that. Well, he says it really itches and sort of hurts, and in fact he can't sit down. He wants to know what he can do to get rid of it. He's got a date in a couple days and it's going to require sitting, and he wants to be able to go. No, he's not allergic to anything...and I don't think he's eaten anything unusual in the past few days. How do I know? Oh, well he...tells me these sorts of things, he's like that. Yes, he must be very strange, but if you got to know him I'm sure you'd think he's quite a guy. No, I'm sure you don't know me, but can we stick to my friend here please? He's in a lot of pain.

Well, yes, he has been ice fishing recently. Yes, he was up at the lake yesterday with some buddies. You know how it is, grab a couple of six packs, pile in the truck, head up for some—of course he was drinking, that's sort of the point of fishing, isn't it? Well, I hadn't considered that...but I suppose he could have been drunk and gone outside to take a dump and fallen down. Yes, that would be very clumsy. So it sounds like frostbite, does it? Well I'll tell him—no, he doesn't want to call. He's...afraid of talking on the phone. He doesn't use his phone much. No, you don't know me, goodbye.

Part 5 of 6

You may have been unaware, but in the Band Room during first lunch about once a week there lurks... The Band Council. During meetings of The Council, responsibilities are delegated, delegates delegate more delegations, and constitutions are ratified. Be afraid; be very afraid. The following document is the Official Band Constitution to date, word for word. Article X has not yet been proposed, but the sharp jabbing pains in my knee suggest it is in the wind.

Rich Nauk

Article X - Paper, toner, etc

*Section 1. Problem

Clause 1. In the case that fees for photocopying Important Council Documents such as the

constitution become higher than the total per annum funds allotted for the entirety of the Band program (ex: 2001-2002), the difference shall be made up by means of fundraising.

*Section 2. The Fundraiser

Clause 1. The costs of paper/toner purchases shall be made up through an intricate sale of cupcakes

coordinated by the Cupcake Manager.

*Section 3. Cupcake Manager

Clause 1. The Cupcake Manager will be elected by

either the Band President or the Equipment Manager. (Election Officer will be decided through a rock-paper-scissors tournament officiated by the

Director.)

Clause 2. Requirements for Cupcake Manager

position include outstanding moral character, organizational skills, and the ability to suck a golf ball through 6 feet of garden hose.

Clause 3. Responsibilities of Cupcake Manager will be selection of the method for selecting the

Cupcake Council, creation or purchase of required number of cupcakes, distribution of excess

cupcakes, and usurpation of the Vice-President's responsibilities in case he or she is unable to attend

a Council Meeting.

*Section 4. Cupcake Council

Clause 1. The Cupcake Manager may select his

council by one of three methods:

- a. Creation of a Cupcake Committee
 - b. Strength of Stomach
 - c. Cupcake Eating Contest
- Clause 2. The Cupcake Manager may create a Cupcake Committee Electoral Body as a method of selecting members for the Cupcake Committee. In this method, Symphonic Band will select 6 members that have birthdays falling between the months of August and April (in that order), and these members will then pair off into groups of two and decide on an appropriate member of the Symphonic Band to name for the Committee. After each pair has written the chosen name on a slip of paper and placed it into a red baseball cap, the Electoral Body pairs shall dissociate and regroup in pairs of people who have not previously grouped. These new pairs shall come up with a new name, write it on a slip of paper, and drop this new slip into the cap. This cycle of dissociating and regrouping shall continue until all possible pairs have been exhausted. Random slips of paper shall then be pulled from the cap until a Committee of four has been formed. Clause 3. In selection by Strength of Stomach, the Manager may choose his or her Committee of four by punching random students in the stomach. Those that seem least alarmed by the punch to the diaphragm will be on the Committee. Clause 4. In the event the Cupcake Eating Contest is chosen, the Cupcake Manager will conduct the event using the leftover cupcakes from the previous sale. The four candidates who consume the most cupcakes in a 17-minute period are elected. Clause 5. Responsibilities of the Cupcake Committee are to include keeping an extremely detailed record of all cupcake-related transactions, aiding in baking or purchasing cupcakes, and inspecting every 29th cupcake in order to ensure consistent quality.

No, of course not. No, I hated MC Hammer. Ugh, good thing he's gone, isn't it? Where did I learn it then? You see, I've got this friend who for some reason listens to MC's music. Seriously. Yes, I do have friends, thank you very much, and one of them listens to MC Hammer, and he taught me the hand motions. Well, it's one of those things that sort of sticks in your mind. Well, he thinks MC Hammer is pretty good. You know, "2 Legit 2 Quit"? It's sort of catchy and the hand signals—no, no, I don't think that. What, you think I listen to that crap? Oh *pleeeeeease*, me? Wait, you didn't—You actually thought?—ha ha ha, oh that's precious. No, of course not. Oh, nooooo. Common now.

Part 4 of 6

-Clause 1. Should the Cupcake Manager, or any member of the Cupcake Committee be under suspicion for embezzlement, this member of the Council may be impeached by an exact 1/3 minority vote. Should the number of people voting leave a remainder of 1 or 2 when divided by 3, the number of Councilors shall be either shifted up or down by 1 through kicking out the member with the brownest hair or by pulling in a random person from the corridor. (This person will then also be assigned a position on the Band Council and will be delegated responsibilities as the Council President sees fit.) Once a number of Councilors that is evenly divisible by 3 has been attained, the Councilors will vote on impeachment. A vote of exactly 1/3 is required in order to impeach the Officer in question.

-Clause 2. The trial shall be presided over by an impartial judge, selected by the defendant from his or her immediate family or close circle of friends. The prosecutor shall be defined as the second person to vote for impeachment. (If there were only 3 Councilors and therefore only 1 vote for impeachment, the impeachment is tabled until more Councilors are present. The defendant shall begin by stating the prosecution's case. Next, the prosecution shall present the defendant's case. Then the judge will vote by secret ballot, and the ballot will be read by the prosecutor and immediately thrown away. The ballot can only be removed from the trashcan or recycle bin if there is an exact 5/8 majority vote for its removal and public viewing. If the number of Councilors present is not evenly divisible by 8, poisonous asps will be released into the room until the number of Councilors has been reduced to a number divisible by 8 with a remainder of 3. The remaining Councilors will draw straws, and the 3 Officers that draw short straws will be named the Asp Collection Committee, and will be in charge of collecting the asps. They will place the asps in the practice room

near the vibraphone, and then lock themselves in with the asps. The remaining Councilors will then vote on whether to remove the ballot from the trash. If the ballot is removed and the verdict is discovered to be something other than what the prosecutor read it to be, the prosecutor will be named the fourth member of the Asp Collection Committee and shall join his or her peers. If the verdict is as the prosecutor read it, the consequences of the verdict shall come into effect.

-Clause 3. In the case of a guilty verdict, the prosecutor will name an executioner from the remaining Councilors. If the prosecutor has joined the Asp Collection Committee, the Cupcake Manager will name the executioner. The executioner will be in charge of dispatching the defendant into the next life by use of (a) blunt object(s) of his or her choice. After the defendant has been destroyed, the Director will name an Executor from the remaining Councilors. The Executor will go to the home of the defendant and remove all items of value. Any instruments found will be charged to the Equipment Manager, who will add them to the Band inventory. Any other items of value will be liquidated and added to the Band fund.

-Clause 4. In the case of a not guilty verdict, the prosecutor will publicly apologize to the defendant. If the prosecutor is male, he will then allow the defendant to kick him in the groin. If the prosecutor is female, she will pay the defendant \$25 and then join the asps. In the case that the prosecutor is already a member of the Asp Collection Committee, the defendant and 3 members of the Council of his or her choosing shall moon the prosecutor through the window of the practice room and hold up signs that say "Sucks to be you," and "You snooze, you lose." The defendant shall then be returned his \$25 uniform cleaning fee in compensation for emotional damages.

*Section 6. Cupcake Embezzlement

-Clause 1. Excess Cupcakes will be distributed to the 5 oldest males in Symphonic Band. These males will then redistribute the cupcakes to members of the Symphonic Band in by order of like and dislike. The cupcakes will be distributed following the Fibonacci sequence if there are enough cupcakes to ensure the most liked member his or her fair share. If there is a shortage, one cupcake will be given to each student and the excess of the excess will be given to the Cupcake Storage Manager, who is designated at this point by the Cupcake Committee.

-Clause 2. The Cupcake Storage Manager will be selected from a group of nominees. The Cupcake Manager shall pick a number in the range of 1-20. Each member of the Cupcake Committee will then select a number in the range of 1-20. The candidates for the position of Cupcake Storage Manager will then be asked to select a number in the range of 1-20, and their numbers shall be gauged against the mean deviation of the numbers selected by the Committee from the number selected by the Cupcake Manager. In the event of a tie, the first member of the tie to recognize it as a tie, the first member of the tie to do so, the position goes to the other tying candidate. If he or she produces the coin successfully, he or she will then flip the coin. If the coin lands heads-up, the flipper receives the position. Tails-up means that the opponent receives the position.

-Clause 3. The Cupcake Storage Manager will be responsible for eating all excess cupcakes that are not distributed. The Cupcake Storage Manager shall leave school with aforementioned cupcakes, and return having eaten all of them. In the event that he or she cannot consume all of them in one day, he or she must discard them in a secretive fashion and return the next day having smeared frosting on his or her face as false evidence of proper consumption.

Daffodil Pageant Review

by Nary a Quince



Congratulations to Brittany Bensch, Foss's Daffodil Princess in 2002, and good job to everyone who participated. It was truly an enjoyable evening, watching IB students compete for the crown. But it left me wondering, "Could there be other aspects to the competition that might make it even more exciting?" A few suggestions follow:

- ❖ The athletic event: "Don't be late" The contestants race up and down the stairs to the basement while wearing the evening gown and heels of choice, and carrying a standard-issue IB backpack. The fastest to arrive with her elaborate hairstyle intact wins.
- ❖ The mathematic event: "Everyone loves calculus" A race to find the 17th derivative of $(87y^{25})(37x^{48}y^{27})(65x^3y^{74})(12x^{12}y^{20})(48x^{91})(71y^{-1/12})(3x^{46}y^{17})^{x^{-1/63}}$
- ❖ The English event: "Find the hidden meaning" Each contestant will be given the manual to a microwave and will have one hour to find as much symbolism as possible.
- ❖ The foreign language event: "Guess those stem-changes" Each contestant will have three minutes to conjugate as many Russian Category IV* verbs as possible. And if they don't speak Russian? Well, I guess it'll be a little harder then, won't it?
- ❖ The history event: "Endurance" All six contestants will sit in the desks in Mr. Fords room and listen as he starts from the beginning of known human history and works his way up to the present, all in excruciating detail. The last person to fall asleep wins.
- ❖ The science event: "Cooking up some primordial soup" The contestants have a week to make proto-slugde by recreating the Urey-Miller experiment. They must then write it up in their notebook, providing at least 12 pages of evaluation. The write-ups will be graded by Ms. Colough, and the closest to a passing score wins.



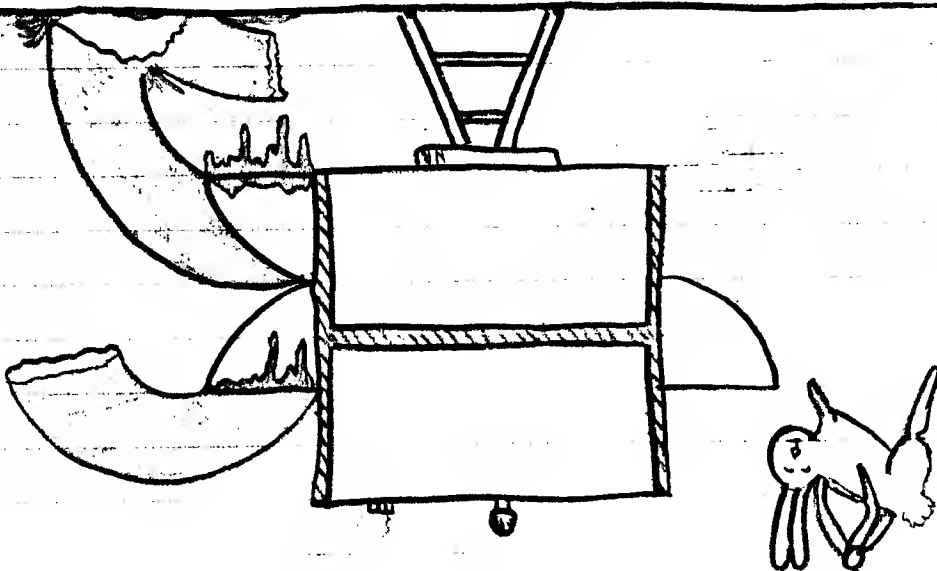
*What's a Category IV verb, you ask? Take Russian next semester to find out! Please. please take Russian...



So you have a friend, do you? Oh, she's a doctor, how nice. You say she's being bothered by somebody who keeps calling her, and following her around. Saw him in the grocery store, did she? Well it's a good store, lots of people go there. That can't be that unusual. Why's that's very nice. Well, everyone should have friends named Rocco and Vinny. Big guys, are they? They—what? Well that seems pretty drastic, don't you think. I mean, it's probably just a coincidence that he's been following her around. Oh yeah? Hmm. Well, that could have been anybody's telescope on top of the building across the street. Monogrammed, was it? Well XU are pretty common initials, I bet there's dozens of people with the initials XU running around town with telescopes. Why, of course I have friends. Well I'm pretty sure I've never met this guy you're talking about... but I might have a friend that has. Yes, I'll let them know.

Part 6 of 6

New Proposed NHS Logo...



CHARACTER • LEADERSHIP • SCHOLARSHIP • SERVICE

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Guarantee! You'll Never Play

For my eighteenth birthday I always wanted to go to a Strip Bar. I went to Foxes, a famous "Gentlemen's" club in Tacoma four weeks after my birthday. I had never been to a strip club before so this trip was going to a journey to arouse my senses—or so I thought. Below is the true and embarrassing account of what happened on that memorable night. And just remember this, no matter what the stripper says, there is no spanking in the champagne room.

My friends, Tom and Amy, and I were greeted outside by a big Italian guy. For my own imagination, I am going to pretend that he had Mob ties. Tom slipped him a twenty, and we were led to the nearest table to the stage. I was hoping to get ID-ed but I guess a twenty was plenty of identification. Upon walking in, I thought I was in the heart of Silicone Valley as I saw gigantic and firm breasts that defied gravity. I guess some of them could be used as flotation devices. I felt like the judge at Wimbledon as I looked to the right and then to the left to pay attention to the bouncing objects. We sat down on the table, ordered water, and decided to absorb the T & A show.

After a few minutes of watching the strippers work for their dollars and use the bar on stage to perform athletic moves, I finally began to understand why gymnastics was such a popular Olympic event. Not to sound unappreciative but after a few minutes of this, my friends and I became quickly bored and began talking about going clubbing. Well, actually Amy and I were talking while Tom excused himself to talk to a stripper. A minute later, he came back to our table with the stripper. I think her name was Britney or Tiffany. Anyway, this Tiffany sat down and started talking to me. I don't remember the exact dialogue but she was wishing me a happy birthday. She also was telling me that she is doing this so that she could pay for her college. I think that strippers are probably the most educated people in the world as all of them are paying their way into graduate schools or doing this to pay their student loan. I was perfectly content with talking to her as I really wanted to ask her about her studies. She told me that she was studying Economics at NYU or something. Given that I was really into Economics, I wanted to know her theories on Keynesian Economics as pertaining to modern government involvement in welfare of its people. She stopped talking with me to tell me that she had a special birthday show for me.

Actually, she moved my chair closer to her and whispered into my ear "Baby, I am going to make this the funnest night of your life." As if on cue, Whitney Houston's "I'm Every Woman" began playing at the club. She basically decided to sit on my lap and start gyrating. No, you are not every woman, I thought, you are my woman. Okay, that was not what I was thinking but sounds like what a porn actor would say. While I certainly appreciated this show of enthusiasm on her part, I felt a rush of blood going to my head (no, not that one, you pervert). I was embarrassed and was blushing like mad. She continued with her show as Amy was laughing hysterical and Tom was drooling at Tiffany's body. I, on the other hand, was so nervous that we were no longer discussing economics that I could not be aroused for this show. And given where her hips rested on my body, she knew that I was not aroused. This made the situation more awkward. In her effort to please me, she decided to rub her bare chest on my face (again, I appreciated her gesture) and place my right hand on her left cheek. She held my right hand and used her free hand to give herself a playful spanking. I have been in situations where I was dancing with women where they led. I assume Tiffany was doing the same in our little "dance" so I did what came naturally. I proceeded to spank her. After three spans, Tiffany was in such shock that she burst out laughing. She tried to continue with her dance but obviously the heat of the moment has past. Thankfully the song and the dance ended. Tiffany and I will always think of "I'm Every Woman" as our song. Afterwards, she sat down and ordered a drink for herself. Later, I found that this is unprecedented. She told me that this was the first time that she was ever spanked. Oh, I am sure that's what she says to all her guys. The situation was clearly awkward enough as I could not "rise" to the occasion and now have the embarrassment of spanking her in front of my friends and random horny strangers, but I had to deal with a stripper who became interested in getting to know me better. Somehow, I was doing my best to chase her away while she was chatting with me and my friends. A few minutes later, she was requested by another gentleman for a show. Judging by his big hands, spanking was probably not going to happen. Looking back, I developed a lifetime of memories in the hour that I was at the club. In an odd way, Tiffany made that night memorable. I hope to run into her again someday...when I enter to graduate school.

Sincerely,

P

With a Wood Again!

I have this friend. He owns a small bank—oh, you wouldn't have heard of it. No no, it's really small. But he owns this bank, right? Now my friend is a really nice, law-abiding guy, never tries to be a troublemaker or anything. Just very friendly, very easy-going, tries to comply with all requests—sorry man, I'll get to the point. Well, this friend accidentally forgot to send in some money that his bank owed the IRS. Yes, it was quite a bit of money, something like twenty-four thousand, eight hundred and sixty-four dollars and eighty-two cents. Or something like that. I...don't quite remember. Well, that's not all of it. My friend then took a trip to the Bahamas, and low and behold somehow that money ended up paying for the plane tickets. Yes, that is quite a coincidence, yes, but believe me my friend would never do anything like that intentionally, and you can be sure he feels awful about it. My friend is wondering what sorts of penalties there are for this sort of thing, and how he would go about repaying the money, and how long he would have to do it in. Oh, well that seems pretty severe, man. Yes, I know you don't make the rules but—no, actually...I don't...remember his name offhand, actually. Well you see, he's not that good of a friend and so he's...what? Mam, the phone's getting bad reception, I can't hear you? Mam? I think my phone is bad. Hello? Part 2 of 6



I have this... friend. He's Italian-English, about five foot nine with brownish black hair. He's a really nice guy, and rather intelligent although he wouldn't admit it if you asked him. He's handsome, or so some say, and has more than his share of athleticism. Now this friend of mine has been single for some time now, but not for lack of options. Oh no, this guy is a real lady's man. Has to beat the ladies off with a stick, or so the proverb goes. No, I'm not really exaggerating much at all. Not at all.

Anyway, I have this friend. No, I don't think you've met him. He's met you, though. Oh, well that is, he's seen you before. Oh, at a movie I think. I don't remember what he said. But anyway, he was wondering if you might want to go to a movie with him sometime. Well, I know you haven't met him but this friend of mine is really quite a guy. Oh yeah, very handsome. Built too, you'd be surprised. Goes to the gym all the time. Yeah, but he's seen you around, and he...wants to know what you'd say if he asked you to a movie. Or something. You'd think about it? Well okay, that'll—call him? Uh, no, he doesn't really use his phone much. Yeah, he's sort of peculiar like that. It's better if you just tell me what you'd tell him, and then I'll tell him. No, it's better this way.

PART 1 of 6



hmm...a mixture of drugs, lack of sleep, caffeine, and the 0-dark-30 ramblings of a tok class are

spinning me out of control

...it seems that to continue in this way, using language to discuss the flaws of using language, creates a fundamental paradox and my head hurts. whispered words quiz me on foreign vocab that i don't pretend to know, and faceless faces laugh as i mumble about poachers being furry and my

eyes

drift

to the

floor...

it's all a big circle...or was it an on/off relationship? alive/dead, awake/dead, here/dead...but i think that's incorrect, i've missed the point again. more tok. where does one draw the line between language and consciousness, between here and there, between here and oblivion?...the stretch, the span of that line feels very long and very thin right now...walking it above a void...simple nothingness below...like a drunken elephant on a tightrope, and not a very graceful one at that...

i think i've lost my balance now... i fear that i'm about to

-tumble-



05/01/09

"Stick a fork in me! I'm done!"... You fry us until we're golden brown and crispy and then you leave. Ditch us in the fucking oven to char.. and we turn red and peel and scream but you've stopped listening... Come back for us and we'll be nothing but blackened ash... worthless and disgusting because you chose to forget that we exist....



Want to change your life? Want to learn how to be popular? Is your New Year's resolution to increase your social status? Well, here are YM's 19 rules to being popular...(sadly this article is not a joke, this is a serious article in this "popular" teen magazine...it is funny until you realize young girls read this shit and believe it...) then you too can reach your life goal of being the captain of the varsity cheerleading squad.



high school, everything changed. In eighth grade, she had been doing on by her teachers and classmates (there were only 60 students in the whole grade). But in her freshman year of high school, there were about 800 people in her class. Nobody knew who she was. And she wanted to be noticed. (Rule #12: Decide that you can and will be popular.)

was that they got to help initiate the freshmen. "We made them wear the same outfit every day," says Irls. "We made them mud-wrestle each other in a blow-up pool." (Rule #15: Join a secret society that humiliates younger girls.) In the past, CA pledges had to suck on raw sausages, have eggs thrown at them, and get syrup poured down their under-

1. Move to a different city.
2. Make sure you radiate a special je ne sais quoi from birth.
3. Make yourself over.
4. Audition for everything.
5. Act like a lunatic when you feel like it.
6. Be everybody's best friend—school activities—student council, volleyball, you name it. "When she was a freshman, she was very nice, very helpful," says her friends with the older girls. "They were a lot more mature," she says. "I just wanted to be like them." At became one of the youngest members of the varsity cheerleading team. Her best trick was the straddle—jumping up in the air and doing a split.

and would have a hard time meeting people. So she reached out to her. "Here I am, in a little skirt, very 'prep-girl,' and then this girl was in baggy clothes, big shirt, no make-up, and she didn't have her hair done or anything. So I went up to her and I asked if she wanted to go to lunch with us." She's pretty brave in most situations, daring to do stuff that would make most of us blush and shake. Check out how she met Henry. They were in a couple of classes together and had only talked a few times. "One night, she called and was like, 'You're going out with me, get ready, and I'll be there in five minutes,'" says Henry. "I was like, 'Oh my god, I was kind of intimidated by her. It was crazy' (Rule #17: Be confident enough to ask your crush out on a madcap whim.) Her friend Ruth remembers when Diane ran for

better than anyone else," an anonymous source told me. "She stares people down. I heard she talks a lot of **** about people. She presents herself in a showy manner." "She does like to look nice and dress up really pretty and trendy," says Irls. "So a lot of girls are jealous. That's how the rumors get started—like she's dating three guys at a time." When I asked Diane what advice she would offer a girl who wanted to be popular, she said, "Be yourself." Her answer made me roll my eyes because it sounds like the cheesiest, most predictable statement that any airhead on the street could offer. (Rule #19: Give unoriginal advice to others.) But actually, "be yourself" has worked for Diane. She knows what's important to her. She wants to be a psychiatrist. She's applying to college. So what if along the way she made a few enemies

11. Never forget that you're the ed to make Silverstone in *Clueless*.
12. Decide that you can and will be a prominent member of student council.
13. Be a popular queen.
14. Be the best junior varsity cheerleader.
15. Join a secret society that humiliates younger girls.
16. Have parents who can buy you the best of everything.
17. Be confident enough to ask your crush out on a madcap whim.
18. Know that being a sore loser won't get you anywhere.
19. Give unoriginal advice to others.

wear. But Irls says, "We did not want them to do that. It would have been degrading." Diane eventually dropped out of the group, but not before she used it to make friends with the older girls. "They were a lot more mature," she says. "I just wanted to be like them." At became one of the youngest members of the varsity cheerleading team. Her best trick was the straddle—jumping up in the air and doing a split. The days of staying home on Saturday nights were long gone. When Diane was 16, her parents bought her a Honda Accord, fully loaded, with leather seats and a sun-roof. (Rule #16: Have parents who can buy you the best of everything.) "Diane will pack her car for anyone," says her boyfriend, Henry, a well-liked boy in her grade who is almost as popular as she is. "Once they were at practice and somebody needed a ride, 'I gotta go,' Diane gave does that," says Henry. When a new girl showed up in precalc, Diane could tell that she was shy

junior class secretary. She lost, but she worked hard to help the executive committee. "Most people wouldn't do that," says Ruth. "It was really impressive." (Rule #18: Know that being a sore loser won't get you anywhere.) But not everyone in school is down with Diane. "She seems to act like she's a lot

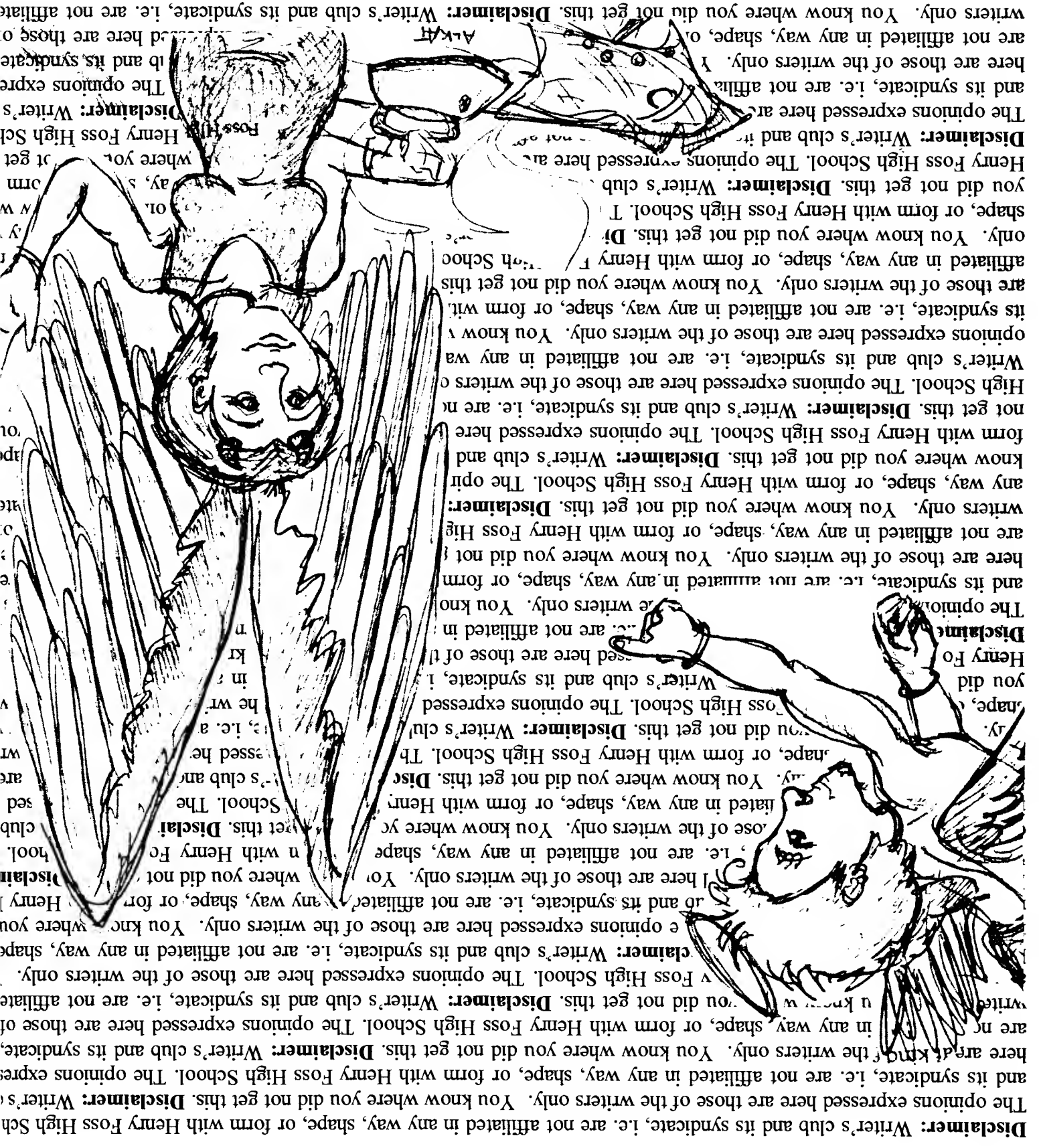
and embarrassed some freshman girls? She ended up where she always wanted to be: captain of the cheer-leading team. You can't argue with results.

RULE #15



Do you want to see what Erin and Diane look like? Check out their photographs on ym.com.

Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof, or abridging the freedom of speech or of the press...



Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof, or abridging the freedom of speech or of the press...